IN THE WORLD.

An Extraordinary Little Bunch of People That We Picked Off the Spanish Map on the Way to the Philippines.

The Ladrone islands, which we picked up on our way to the Philippines the other day, are in mid-Pacific, directly in the line of steamship sailing between San Francisco and the Philippines. They are easily reached, and when the facts are known about their perfect climate, exquisite at-mosphere, inexhaustible productiveness of mosphere, inexhaustible productiveness of fruits, cereals and other things good to eat, of their sea caves full of coral treasure and fish, of their groves heavy with bread fruits and cocoanuts, of their wondrous mountains, having a temperature of every known clime, Americans will soon be invading the new territory with their bank books

THE LADRONE ISLANDS by a few hours of labor; the scanty clothing required by their simple conventionalities occupied little time in the making: bright-hued shells for personal adornment. We everywhere strewn upon the beach. No one had to spend time making killing tools of every kind, none being needed in the absence of war and the non-use of animal food.

mal food. Naturally, in these circumstances, the de-Naturally, in these circumstances, the development of the islanders in many ways was far below that of many other South sea natives; but they had a religion—much resembling the Shintoism of Chira—and observed its forms with great care, while their language was unusually strong and sonorous when compared with those of other islands in the Pacific. The language as now spoken is vastly different from that in use 300 odd years ago, having suffered much change and deterioration since the time of Magellan but, according to some recently discovered records kept by a priest in the early years of the sixteenth century, several words in the language as it was were identical with the corresponding words in ancient Greek, "God" and "water" being conspicuous examples.

Spain in the Ladrones.

Spain in the Ladrones.

Magellan took formal possession of the Ladrones before he sailed away, and in course of time a government of the



NATIVE WOMEN OF THE LADRONES.

she was convoying sailed into the harbor she was convoying sailed into the harbor of Agana and fired a few shots at a crumbling old fort. The Spanish governor of the islands, hearing the guns and seeing the big ships, promptly put off in a boat with his governmental staff. They were jubilant at the prospect of unlimited food and "booze," and came over the side bowing and scraping. The governor, with true Castilian flourishes, regretted, in fact was bowed to the earth with shame and remorse, that his unworthy self had not powder to return the salute of his excellency, the most noble and externed whether community.

and kodaks. According to all accounts there is no reason why the islands should not be occupied by progressive men and a prosperous commerce established.

To understand the relative position of these islands to the rest of the world, say to yourself: "It is 2,999 miles from San Francisco to Honolulu, and 1,599 miles form San Francisco to Honolulu, and 1,599 miles further west to the Ladrones, and still again 1,599 miles to the Philippines."

And it shows the importance of having coaling statious at all these points.

Such facilities would enable warships and passenger steamers to make long voyages with comparative case and greatly reduced expenses for fuel. The distance from point to point is similar to that between America and the British islands.

Picking Up the Island.

It was an exceedingly simple operation, polite and bloodless, picking up the Ladrones. The Charleston and the transports she was convoying sailed into the harbor of Agana and fired a few shots at a crum-

Life in the Ladrones.

the salute of his excellency, the most noble and esteemed Americano commander, but the islands and all that they contained were at his excellency's service. It seemed rather cruel after that to inform the politic governor that war existed between the drunker than the other. All who attend are



BUSINESS SECTION OF AGANA, PRINCIPAL TOWN OF THE LADRONES.

United States and Spain and that he and his suite were prisoners of war, but it had to be done, and the bountiful wardroom table and the supplies of the wine mess soon consoled the captives for the loss of their little island sovereignty. Then the hundred men composing the Spanish army in the Ladrones were gathered in, the American flag hoisted, an American resistent appointed governor, and the Charleston and the transports sailed away, leaving a small guard of soldiers to keep order.

Isles of the Thieves.

Isles of the Thieves.

Magellan called the Ladrones the Isles of the Thieves (in Spanish, Las Islas de los Ladrones) when he discovered them in 1520, because of the natives' persistent pilfering, and though since they were rechristened the Marianne islands, in honor
Queen Maria Anna, who lived in the
seventeenth century, the first name has
stuck, and Ladrones has remained their
title to this day.

Leaving their propensity to sreal aside,
the islanders, as Magellan found them,
were exceptionally moral and well behaved, at least from the South sea point of
view. Murder was virtually unheard of.
Fighting was extremely rare. And, as they
knew no other people, tribe or nation, there
were no wars. fering, and though since they were re-

were no other people, true or hatton, there were no wars.

Their lives were simple, but full of case and sensual pleasure, and their physical development was excellent, the men being straight and well made, while, again, from the South sea point of view, the women were of unusual comeliness, which added charm to their almost universal good nature.

man that can be procured is left out of the list.

Good form prescribes the wearing of a spotless white duck suit by every man who accepts an invitation to a Ladrone fandango, but there is no specific rule with regard to the dress of the women. A traveler who has attended many such fandangos says, however, that their gowns are cut as decollete as possible, while the fervor of the climate makes the use of exceedingly diophanous material imperative. As it is not convenient to dance barefooted, shoes are often worn, though toe slippers, which serve nearly the same purpose and are not so warm, are more common, but stockings are exceedingly rare, whether dancing or not, big black Manila cigars being preferred to cigarettes, every the women.

The Women.

ly fond of amusement.

The eating and drinking and dancing gen-

From the Chicago Times-Herald.

The other day, while opposing a proposi tion from the New York dairy district to add tri-weekly four ounces of cheese to a soldier's ration, Representative John M. Allen, of Mississippi, who claims eminence as the only Confederate private who survived the war, contributed a series of re-bellion reminiscences to gladden the pages of the Record. He offered to make one of a company of congressmen to go to the front under command of General Grosvenor. "I make this offer in good faith," he said, "and I desire no commission. I want to serve in the same capacity I filled in the last war, to prove that I can fight as well under 'Old Giory' as I fought against it.

"I don't say I won't be frightened," he "I don't say I won't be frightened." he continued, lapsing into the soft Southern accent which gives a charm to his stories. "I was always pretty much scared up when I went into an engagement, but I usually stayed it out. I remember once myse f an' a comrade was lyin' behind a nice pile of rails. Gentlemen. I have long remembered that as about the handsomest pile of rails I ever noticed in the Southland. It was comfortable and it was picturesque. Although the bullets were whining over our heads and an occasional cannonball would go past with a rush an' a roar, a lark perched in the tree above us sang sweetly. My friend looked up to it choked with emotion.

""Ah, little bird," he said, 'ef I had yo' wings I wouldn't be settin' round yere sing-in'. I'd be in good ole Mississippi befo' night.

in. I'd be in good ole Mississippi befo' night.'

"But about this cheese ration." he said, returning to his argument; "I'm dublous about cheese keeping well in the tropics. It recalls a reminiscence of my youth. One day a negro man was projecting around the grocery store at the crossroads and discovered two or three dozen boxes of axle grease. The lubricant in Such packages was a novelty, and David, after prying the cover off one of them, determined its identity. "What's dem II' brown cheeses wuf, boss? he asked the proprietor.

"They're wuth two bits each, Dave.'

"I'm lowin' I takes one, he said, digging up 25 cents. I'spose yo' give a po' man a few crackers to cat dat cheese wid?"

"Certingly, Dave; take all yo' want, replied the humane storekeeper.

"Dave retired with his box of axle grease and a handful of crackers to the rear of the store. He took out his jackknife, took a circular cut out of the middle of the grease and spread it on a cracker. It required powerful effort, but the niggra put the last of the box into eventual circulation. Niggras are economical that way, and don't like to waste anything that can be eaten.

"How did the cheese go, Dave?' inquired the storekeeper.

"Well, boss,' replied the niggra, 'dat

the storekeeper.
"'Well, boss,' replied the niggra, 'dat cheese was suttingly cheap enough: I kain't mek no complainin' on de price, but hit was sholy de mos' ransomest cheese I ever et."

In the course of his talk, Mr. Allen, as I have said, offered to make one of a company of congressmen to go to Cuba under General Grosvenor. "If the war isn't ended when we get there," he said, "the Spanish will stop fighting as soon as they hear of our arrival." will stop fighting as soon as they hear of our arrival.

"I don't feel about this affair the way a friend of mine does. A man here in Washington asked him if he intended enlisting.

"Fust off,' he said. 'I thort I would, an' then I kinder thort I wouldn't. I ain't afraid of fightin'; that ain't the trouble, I was talkin' it over with Tom Owen, after I'd about concluded to fine, an' after discussin' of it with him then I made up my mind final, Yo' see, I reckoned it would be too big a supprise to the boys that's done been dead these thirty-five years. They'd see me a-comin' through the pearly gates maybe, if things didn't come my way, with a blue uniform on. They don't know about this affair, an' my appearance would amaze 'em some. Then they'd rise up an' holler:

""Descrited' Dod dern him!"

up an' holler:
""Beserted! Dod dern him!"
"So thinkin' it all over, I concluded to
avoid shockin' them angels that wore the
gray, an' I'll stay at home."

Washington Times: Former Minister to Mexico Ransom was at the house a few days ago talking about his experiences in Mexico. After the minister left the cloakroom one of the members said:
"Did you ever talk to the minister when his mind has been occupied with business?" and without waiting for a reply the member continued: "I did. I met him soon after his return from Mexico, and after we shook hands he said:
"How is your sister, Frank"
"She is well." I replied.
"The minister's mind then returned to some business for five minutes, and then he said:
"How is your sister, Frank?" and, as before, I replied that she was well. Five

before, I replied that she was

before, I replied that she was well. Five minutes later he raised his eyes from some papers and remarked:

"'Oh, Frank! How is your sister". I thought the conversation was becoming rather monotonous, and to change it I answered that she was ill.

"'Bless me, you don't say so. I am sorry to hear it, Frank.'

"He turned to his papers again for another five minutes, and hang me if he didn't turn around and say."

"Frank, how is your sister"

"At first I thought he was guying me, but looking sharply at him I realized he had forgotten the conversation and I answered sadly. 'She is dead.'"

New York World: A young wag of an officer, making a morning call upon his superior in the latter's tent, found him sound asleep, perhaps a little the worse for a night's tarrying over the flowing for a night's tarrying over the flowing howl.

The officer was tall and the cot was short, so that his feet stuck out at the foot of the bed. Instead of waking him the visitor took the spurs from a pair of boots standing by the bedside, strapped them to the sleeper's ankles and went away. The officer had pretty well lacerated himself about the shins and ankles before he woke up and instantly yelled to his orderly;

"What do you mean by this?" he screamed to the latter, pointing to his feet, which were scarred and bleeding.

The orderly looked at the spurs in consternation.

sternation.
"I'll forgive you this time, for you did it in the dark." said the officer, "but the next time you yank my boots and socks off so quick that it leaves my spurs on I'll give you ten days in the guard house; do you hear?"

Washington Post: Gilbert, the librettist, met Liebling, the pianist, not long ago and they say the following interchange occurred between them. Liebling, you must know, has an inordinate vanity, and Gilbert, as you do know, has a caustie wit. Liebling was introdued to Gilbert, and Gilbert said:

ert said:
"Sir, I have heard Liszt—"
Liebiling bowed his head in acknowledgment at what he supposed was the coming ompliment.
"I have heard Henri Hertz," continued

Gilbert.
Liebling bowed still lower.
'I have heard Paderewski."
Liebling made a genuflection even unto
the ground.
'Wail sir." concluded Gilbert, in abrupt
tokes, 'not one of them, not one of them,
sir, perspired as profusely as you do."

Governor Adams, of Colorado, told a cer-The women.

The women.

The women, by the way, who are nearly all dark, from their mixed blood, but almost invariably beautiful when young, are unusually graceful dancers and passionately fond of amusement.

The eating and drinking and dancing gen-

CHINA CONDIES STANDING SLABRONE. Sol on TSLANDS -3 (GERMAN)

RIGHT IN LINE WITH OUR OTHER NEW POSSESSIONS.

The government was essentially republican, almost a pure democracy, in fact, since, though they chose a few representative men to enforce their few laws and regulations, they had no head man of any sort. That this had been the situation from time immemorial scenes probable, since their had been the situation from time immemorial scenes probable, since their had been togking or queen, prince, chief or lord. Speaking again with the South sea point of view in mind, the Ladrone islands were little else in the sixteenth century than a wave-girt earthly paradise. Nature unassisted furnished all the increasaries of life and almost all the increasaries of life and the increasaries of lif

THE BANK OF SPAIN.

A Queer Concern That Has Considerably More History Than

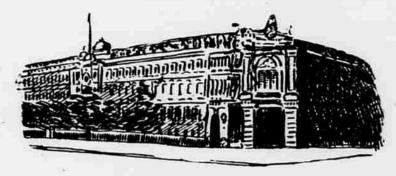
Influence. It is natural to suppose that the Bank of Spain is something like the Bank of

of Spain is something like the Bank of England or the Bank of France, but nothing could be much further from the truth in 1829 private individuals secured from Ferdinand VII. the first charter for the Bank of Spain. This charter was renewed in 1856 and again in 1874. The present charter expires in 1921, if the bank survives until that time. When granted in 1874, it was intendeded that it should expire in 1894, but the government, while not recognizing the institution as a bona fide part of the crown, at the same time has continually made it a "convenience" for securing royal funds and willingly extended the charter limit seventeen years.

The capital of the bank is limited to 19.3 cents and the practical equivalent to 19.4 cents and the practical equivalent to 19.5 cents and the practical

00000000000 0 000000000000 SOME PERSONAL POINTS.

00000000000 0 00000000000000000 W. L. Bodine, writing in the Chicago Times-Herald of "Fighting Bob" Evans, says:



SPAIN'S HISTORIC BANK,

times its metallic reserve. Its notes are legal tender and issued in denominations of 25, 35, 100, 500 and 1,000 pesetus. The only paper money in Spain consists of the notes of the Banco de Espana, and they are so depreciated in value to-day that exchanged in American money their worth would be that of curios for a rare book of straps.

Spain, although not adhering to the Latin union, adopted the same monetary system in 1888, in reality a readoption of the French system accepted in 1839. But in delegating to the Bank of Spain the right to act as an agent for the crown and to issue notes the crown reserved to itself the right of coinage. The Bank of Spain may issue paper as a promise to pay, but cannot produce either silver or gold coin save as the government dictates. In addition to the gold coins which the crown has placed in circulation there is the twenty-five peseta piece of \$3650 grams and 900-1600 fine. The ratio of silver to gold is 15½ to 1. Silver coinage was suspended in 1878, except on government account. The Bank of Spain may circulate its notes in Cuba. Porto Rico and the Philippine islands if it wishes, but has not done so to any great extent.

The Bank of Spain since 1874 has enjoyed a monopoly of issuing notes, the profits of the bank and is not a stockholder, but it does not hesitate to make use of it whenever occasion demands, and the very recent large increase in note issues have been due to the demands of the crown.

The commercial operations of the bank have been practically subordinated to the sisce of paper money to cover the needs of the commercial operations of the bank have been practically subordinated to the sisce of paper money to cover the needs of the commercial operations of the bank have been practically subordinated to the sisce of paper money to cover the needs of the government, and as a consequence of the government, and as a consequence of the government and as a consequence of paper money to cover the needs of the sold friend Hoop-read the motion of profice the memory of h

have been practically subordinated to the issue of paper money to cover the needs of the government, and as a consequence as early in March, 1897, gold in Spain was at a premium of 20 per cent. Specie payments were suspended by the banks in the early days of the Cuban trouble (1895), and in July, 1896, the premium on gold was 19 per cent.

The impending fall of Spain as a compartial power, her certain decline to the



BOARDING HOUSE SHOULD GET HIM.

an advantage over the others of its kind, ney do not inconvenience it any.

If Mr. Mitchell would guarantee always If Mr. Mitchell would guarantee always to furnish this specimen of fowl he might have a corner on the boarding house trade. But his rivals feel sure that this is just a freak of nature and not due to any superior knowledge of breeding.

From the Denver Times. "I am surprised," remarked a Pittsburg man, "to find that there are no Indians out here. I was in Denver a great many years ago and at that time the redskins were plentiful. I remember very well the trick we played on a member of our party after we had returned. He came to my of-fice with a sad look in his eye and a very bad sore on his lip, which he was afraid would get to be a serious affair. "Doctor," he remarked, gravely, 'what do you think causes this sore?" "I saw a chance for some fun, so I re-plied: were plentiful. I remember very well the

or you think causes this sole.

"I saw a chance for some fun, so I replied:

"Morton, you have been kissing somebody. When did it first break out?"

"Right after we got back from Derver.'

"Well, am I right in my surmise?"

"Yes, seem to be.

"Then you've got to tell me this: Did you kiss a white girl or a Ute squaw?"

"H-I, it was a white girl, of course. What do you take me for? But, say, what difference would that make

"All the difference in the world. If it was one of those wild Utes, the ulceration would be a much more serious affair and would require an entirely different course of treatment to save the lip."

"It was a white girl, Doc-go ahead and fix up something."

"I got my medicine case out, but kept my eye on Morton and noticed that he was meditating. Then I took out one of the bottles, pulled the cork, and he held up his hand.

"Hold on Doc; it was a Ute, all right."

"Hold on Doc; it was a Ute, all right. Hold on Doc; it was a tie, all right, out for goodness' sake don't tell any of the fellows that were in the party.

"Of course, I told it, and don't you know to this day that fellow has to buy a drink occasionally on the strength of that

From the Chicago Tribune.
"I think I'll take a walk," remarked the commercial traveler, as he strolled away from the hotel, "Which is the way to Dewey street?"

a heart inspired by the memory or nome ties.

In time of peace Bob Evans is a great sportsman. He has often gone duck hunting with Grover Cleveland. He is a "dead shot" with a breech-loader, and a member of the Alibi Club, of Washington, an organization of proficient marksmen. He is equally famous as an angler and is fond of horse races. He seldom misses an opportunity to back his judgment of speed whenever he lingers at the track and watches the flyers dash around the circle of chance. watches the flyers dash around the circle of chance.
Captain Evans is fond of his family. He married Miss Taylor, the daughter of Frank Taylor, a Washington bookdealer, and has three children—two daughters and a son. The boy was by his father's side at the battle of Santiago to receive a heritage of patriotism amid a baptism of fire.

or gold was 19 per cent.

The impending fall of Spain as a commercial power, her certain decline to the position of a fourth rate power, takes with it the fortunes of the Bank of Spain, an institution which has never secured recognition from other nations saye where, as in the case of France and Germany, heavy loans were made, and which, after all is said, is and has been a private and speculative institution bolstered up by a government unable to longer secure credit by direct application to the money loaners of the world.

Chicken With Four Legs.

John Mitchell, of Rochester, has a chicken with four legs. The extra legs are just above the regulation ones and equally as large. While the superfluous pedal extremities do not seem to give the chicken tremities do not seem to gi

Dr. Edward Everett Hale tells this story about Lowell in the Outlook: "When Lowell was editor of the Atlantic he received a contribution from Thomas Bai ey Aldrich, then just starting in his literary career. He was much impressed with the literary merits of the article, and, in sending the author a check for the same, inclosed a congratulatory note, advising him to continue writing and to follow literature as a profession. The kind thoughtfulness was appreciated and remembered by Aldrich, and the note was carefully preserved. Years after, when Aldrich himself was the editor of the Atlantic and Lowell sent a contribution, he was gratified at receiving a copy of the note he himself had written years before. When it is realized that Lowell had already made a reputation in letters, the clause advising him to stick to literature has a funny significance." literature has a funny significance

As is well known, King Frederick William As is well known. King Frederick William III., of Prussia, was very sparing of words, but one day he was told there was at Toplitz, where he was then drinking the waters, a Hungarian magnate still less talkative than himself.

An opportunity for a meeting was soon managed, and the following conversation took place, the king beginning:

"Bathing?"

"Drinking."

"Soldier?"

"Soldier?"
"Millionaire."

"Good." replied the monarch.
"Foliceman?" asked, in turn, the other. "King."
"Compliments."

Don Carlos, the claimant to the Spanish throne, and the head of the Carlist party, never fails to greet an acquaintance in the street, even one among the shopkeepers. The lace venders regard him as one of their best customers, sending for him whenever a special prize has been discovered. His wife is an expert in embroidery, but most of her productions, it is said, find their way to the priests of Spain, with whom Don Carlos likes to be held in particular remembrance.

It is said that the last direct descendant of Americo Vespucci, who is living in Florence, Italy, is the Countess America Talon. Her husband, Viscount Talon, was a Frenchman, who fought in the Crimea, and was mortally wounded at Solferino. They were once rich, but the widow has little left to live upon except a small pension accorded her by Spain in memory of her great ancestor.

Prince Victor Duleep Singli's return from his honeymoon with his English bride was almost a triumphal procession. The villagers of Norfolk fired a salute of guns when the train arrived, the carriage was palled by men instead of horses, a brass band escorted the couple to their home and in the evening the prince entertained over a thousand of his neighbors on the lawn.

Mr. Henry Rose, who died in London the other day, was the last surviving son of the man who, when Disraeli was about to be arrested for debt, sent him a warning with the advice to "hide in the well."

Lovely attire and sweet winsome face there, The violet's position did envy and mourn. But thought that the violet could never as with the advice to "hide in the well." from the hotel. Which so the form of the form the hotel was about to the haven't got any Dewey street," said the man on the hotel steps. "The city council passed an ordinance changing the name of Olive street to Dewey all right enough, but the mayor vetoed it."

"Who is your mayor?"

"He's a man named Sampson. He said the reckoned we'd better wait till the war as over."

Mr. Henry Rose was the last surviving son of other day, was the last surviving son of the man who, when Disraeli was about to the man who when Disraeli was

BORROWE'S MANY PARTS.

First He Turned to Art. Then Law. Travel, Pleasure and Finally Hard Work Attracted Him.

rom the New York Press.
Although Hallett Alsop Borrowe is only about 36 years old, his life has been full of incident. He is an exemplification of the truth of the phrase "Each in his time plays many parts." Now he is down before San-



HALLETT ALSOP BORROWE.

tiago with the rough riders and a dynamite gun, of which he appears to be spe-cial guardian. He has been reported killed or wounded once or twice, but a late dis-patch from him says that he is neither one ror the other, but all right and expecting to remain so.

When Borrowe was young he thought he

patch from him says that he is neither one ror the other, but all right and expecting to remain so.

When Borrowe was young he thought he would become a great artist and studied art at the Cclumbla Art school. Then he thought that law, and not art, was his peculiar calling, and entered the Columbla law school. After awhile he decided that neither law nor art was just what he was cut out for, and went across the water to see the world. He had already seen something of it on this side. His father was Samuel Borrowe, vice president of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, and young Borrowe had the entree into New York society.

In England and France Hallett Alsop was put up at the most expensive clubs and was distinctly "in the swim." When he returned to this country he had become a crack hilliard player, a crack shot and a man about town generally. He was fond of dog fights and all sorts of "sporty" things. In short, the mild art student was thoroughly transformed into the gilded and giddy young man of the clubs and the inconsequential world. He stayed abroad a good deal and was attracting no particular attention in this country, being regarded by his acquaintances as neither better nor worse than the average man of his type, when suddenly came the Coleman Dravton scandal. The social prominence of all the parties concerned (Mrs. Drayton was a daughter of Mrs. William Astor) and the challenge to a duel (which did not take place) between Mr. Drayton and Mr. Borrowe kept society gossiping for a long time.

Finally that passed away and Hallett Alsop Borrowe was for a time forgotten. It was said that he was living quietly abroad. Suddenly it was discovered that Borrowe had returned to this country, forsaken the ways of his former life and was employed as a car starter on the trolley road in Newark. He had started in to work for a living and had begun at the bottom of the ladder.

He worked hard, and finally was made a division superintendent at a salary of 55 a month. For a time his doings in his new sphere of action

A WALKING FORT.

It Looks Deadly, But It Was Found to Be Entirely Impracticable.

From the New York World. In a curiosity shop on West Fourteenth street there may be seen the mitrailleuse



A FORMIDABLE BREASTPLATE.

breastplate shown above. It was invented by a soldier of the civil war and submitted to the government. Weighing, as it does, however, from 30 to 40 pounds, it was found impracticable.

Pig of Great Judgment. Company A. First Pennsylvania volun-teers, new at Chickamauga park, has a new mascot in the shape of a pig. This



SOLDIERS' MASCOT. pig hails from the sunny Southland, wears a huge sombrero and is fast acquiring a military education. When you say "Cuba" he grunts, and when Dewey is mentioned he squeals.

Realty and Love.

"I love the very ground you walk on!" exclaimed. he exclaimed.

Her face glowed with joy.

"How much will you give for it?" she faltered tremulously, deeming it not amiss to subject her love to a practical test.

Moreover, it was the first time since 1893 since anybody had spoken of real estate in that was. hat way.

From the Detroit Journal.

m the Detroit Journal. In anger he reproached his wife with neglecting her home. "Club, forsooth!" he bitterly exclaimed. "And the buby hisn't been welghed for a week!"
She was manifestly touched with remorse, for she tore her hair and promised to do better.

The Violet and the Dandelion. By the side of a brooklet a violet grew. Each morning kiesed by the fresh morning dew, Bowing each morning with modesty's grace, Lovely attire and sweet winsome face.

A happy event made them lighter at heart, The lack of the real was supplanted by art A white lift, swayed by the breezes above Propped o'er them and scattered the blosso

UNIFORM FOR TROOPERS

YANKEE OFFICER'S IDEA TO CARRY COMPORT TO BATTLEFIELDS.

The Intense Heat of Egypt Hatched It-The Model Remained in Washington Three Years Before It Was Adopted.

From the New York Press.

In connection with the new uniform that is just being issued for the army to wear in a tropical climate there is an interesting and true story.

It will be remembered that at the time a

It will be remembered that at the time a Cuban campaign was decided upon a cool uniform was at once taken under consideration, and after a few weeks it was announced that one had been chosen and would be adopted as soon as it could be issued. When any name is put to this it is called "General Miles," or simply spoken of as the one he selected. As a matter of fact, it was designed by a junior officer in the army, and the model was made for him in Egypt for his own use in that country.

Two years ago, during one of the Angio-Egyptian wars, he applied to the war de-partment to be sent out to join the British forces to watch military operations in the



THE NEW FIBER UNIFORM OF OUR SOLDIERS IN CUBA.

field, but the request was refused. Nothing daunted, and absorbingly interested in his profession of arms, he then applied for eighteen months' foreign leave on half pay, which was granted, and, packing his kit he departed from the Western post at which he was then stationed and made straight for Cairo. Parenthetically, he paid his own expenses, which, if he had been detailed by the government, would not have been the case.

Necessity Impelled Him. Necessity Impelled Him.

The English headquarters were in the field some miles up the Nile from Cairo, and the American officer was obliged to wait at Shepard's until a detachment should be going out, and it then being the hot season in Egypt he made the speedy and interesting discovery that he was entirely unequipped for a campaign in a hot country. Even his thinnest summer uniform would have prostrated him in an hour by its weight under the broiling Egyptian sun, and he certainly had not the alightest intention of wearing a foreign uniform, so he found himself confronted by a compilcation.

Cation.

He retired to a corner of Shepard's deserved piasas, lighted a cigar and began to think. He smoked through that one and lighted another, puffing absently, and, half way through that, he started to his feet, threw away the remainder and retired to his room. Then he drew a model, betook himself to a native tailor and submitted the design. The result is what has just been adopted by our government for the army

Light and Inexpensive.

The original Egyptian suit was made of a light, linen colored material which is nei-ther linen nor cotton, but a product of ther linen nor cotton, but a product of Egypt; a grass fiber, light in weight. The trousers were loose and rather baggy, cut short to wear with leggins of the same, while the coat was a single-breasted belied blouse, having the insignla of rank on the shoulders, with the field of the straps of the same material and color as the uniform. The buttons were put on with detachable fastenings, to be easily removed when the suit was washed, and there he had evolved one that was cool, light, would not show the dust of marches, could be easily washed to look like new, and withal was inexpensive. Figuratively speaking, he patted himself on the back, had his insignia of rank put on the shoulders, packed his kit with the new outfit and enthusiastically shaking the dust of Cairo from his feet he embarked on a dabeeah and set sail for the front.

He reached it, but, like the "king of France and his 40,000 men." he drew his sword only to put it up again, for he was cordially received at headquarters, but told he could stay with them only in a personal capacity, and not in an official one, and the permission was only a hollow mockery. He could have been in no battles, he would have been left behind at all critical times. He would have gained no experience, and he was drawing half pay. He thought of his long journey out and his wasted passage money, but he faced the situation, turned around and started back to home, duty and full pay.

His Bestgn is Washington.

His Design in Washington.

Once here he submitted his model tropical uniform to the war department for approval. There has always at times been proval. There has always at times been more or less departmental agitation for a cool uniform for our troops in the South during the summer, but so far nothing had quite filled the requirements. This one was put on a dummy in one of the offices, and for almost three years army officers going in and out have expressed their opinion of it. Also, there were then others. Then recently came the imperative need for a uniform for Cuba, and models by the score were submitted to the department and General Miles followed soon with the official announcement that one had been chosen.

chosen.

About six weeks ago the "officer of the Egyptian uniform" went into the war department, where he had been summoned about a detail, and while he was waiting he was greeted by another officer, who "Seen the new uniform?"
"No." said the other. "Is it here?"
"Yes. Come along and see it. It is great," remarked the first, leading the

They reached it, and the second officer looked and said:
"Why, that is mine: my Egyptian out-fit." Slight Modifications.

It was news to the first, who congratu-lated him warmly, and told him that it had

It was news to the first, who congratulated him warmly, and told him that it had been accepted with only two trifling modifications; the trousers were to be long and officers were to have stripes on them of the color of the arm of the service to which they belong-red for artillery, yellow for cavalry, and dark blue instead of white for the infantry. The fields of the straps are to correspond. Personally, the original designer deprecates the change because he says the colors will not well bear washing, and will make the uniforms look old and seedy when without they would be quite fresh, but officially he, of course, is gratified.

Then he concluded that he would like to have his own back, so he filed a request and waited. He waited until he was obliged to leave Washington and report for duty, and he departed without it. Some weeks later he got more leave, and went again to the department, in the meantime he had written and telegraphed. Again he requested and waited, and finally was told it would be returned to him that day. He went back to his hotel and then started forth to pay some visits, certain of finding the uniform on his return. When he came back the cierk told him that a parcel had come for him from the war department, and half an hour afterward another official messenger had come and demanded it back again.

And I knew you were in the army."

"And I knew you were in the army," said the clerk, "so I let it go."
The officer said nothing, for what he thought would not have sounded well.